

ABOUT ANAÏS DUPLAN



Anaïs Duplan is the author of a full-length poetry collection, *Take This Stallion* (Brooklyn Arts Press, 2016). Their poems and essays have appeared in *Hyperallergic*, *PBS News Hour*, the Academy of American Poets, Poetry Society of America, *Fence*, *Boston Review*, *The Journal*, and elsewhere. Duplan is also an artist and curator who has organized exhibitions at the Distillery Gallery, Elastic Arts, Disjecta, the Radical Abacus, Public Space One, and at Mengi in Reykjavík, Iceland. Their visual works have appeared or are forthcoming in group exhibitions at Flux Factory, Thomas Robertello Gallery, Daata Editions, the 13th Baltic Triennial in Lithuania, and the Institute of Contemporary Art in LA.

ABOUT MOUNT CARMEL & THE BLOOD OF PARNASSUS

Mount Carmel & the Blood of Parnassus
Anaïs Duplan

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Let us enter this again. In the context of this paragraph, we are hurling backward through space, toward a small opening: I press my hand to your lip. and you bite. You bite my spine—

Are you tired. Yes, everyday. You can write and write and still you are indefatigable. Deep well of a woman, step on my throat and tell me right, straight and true. My father the woman dances in a crowd. Is this fruitless. Yes, everyday. Continue on no matter what—because you are that body. That is a mistake. You are that and that, that is a body. So that you and the body are in a room together. And so, a kind of ecstatic union may emerge. We talked about that today, Dr. Addleson and me. Doctor doctor father daddy come to meet your maker! She put her head in the oven! She put her head in the oven! How long can you go on screaming like that.

One function of the soul: its syntax, and Anaïs Duplan sends theirs sailing through the thin wall between writing and true life that we have to level to announce our presence in the house of language. *Mount Carmel & the Blood of Parnassus* is that action, a poem disguised as a notebook disguised as “an opera going full speed” through the mere veracity of familial love, personal history and betrayal. And why was that wall there in the first place? And what was its material? “I am limited by what my hand can do,” Duplan claims. Then they reach past that limit like it’s nothing and speak, with ecstatic gravity, into their reader’s life.

DANIEL POPPICK

Reading Anaïs Duplan’s chapbook, you realize you are more than an assemblage of ideologies, a cellular plan, or even an estranged, familial relation possessing the accoutrements of a melancholic nation, but also, too, the glorious product of dense, self-referential layered texts that call to the surface your loneliness and feelings of kinship. Here are poems that revel in post-hybridity and borderless threnodies, and go straight to the stillness of the heart, to performances of language that are fierce and juicier than a papaya, and frankly, that one would only expect from a brilliant, young mind as theirs.

MAJOR JACKSON

Anaïs Duplan’s *Mount Carmel & the Blood of Parnassus* is not an easy collection: it is not easy being the reader (who is rarely left unattended to and often called into question); it is not easy being the “you” on the other end of the writer’s address; nor, it seems, is it easy being the writer, who obsessively interrogates themselves—their desire to love, to fuck, to publish this chapbook, to recall and write history—at turns warped by self-consciousness, pained by self-awareness, and obliterated by self-effacement. “Keep this page as a record,” the writer repeats throughout the text, as if preparing for interpersonal, global, or archival destruction. By the end of the text – which doesn’t flow like a book, so much as a collection of images (selfies, portraits, family photos hidden in boxes) – the reader, “you,” and the writer are not distinct: “You hear how my voice always becomes yr voice. I think the truth is I’ve always wanted to hear you say it...” This is the trick, the spell, of *Mount Carmel & the Blood of Parnassus*. You have a role in all this; you play a part in it.

GRACE DUNHAM